THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. I.] [No. 52.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26th 1801.

POLITICS.

[This is an article, which will be studied by politicans, as a correct manual, and will be admired by critics, for purity of diction, and lucid arrangemetn.]

FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING POST.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

NUMBER I.

Instead of delivering a *speech* to the house of congress, at the opening of the present session, the president has thought fit to transmit a *message*..... Whether this has proceeded from pride, or from humility, from a temperate love of reform, or from a wild spirit of innovation, is submitted to the conjectures of the curious. A single observation shall be indulged....since all agree, that he is unlike his predecessors in essential points, it is a mark of consistency, to differ from them in matters of form.

Whoever considers the temper of the day, must be satisfied, that this message is likely to add much to the popularity of our chief magistrate. It conforms, as far as would be tolerated, at this early stage of our progress in political perfection, to the bewitching tenets of that illuminated doctrine, which promises man, ere long, an emancipation from the burdens and restraints of government; giving a foretaste of that pure felicity, which the apostles of this doctrine have predicted. After having, with infinite pains and assiduity, formed the public taste for this species of fare, it is certainly right, for those whom the people have chosen for their caterers, to be attentive to the gratification of that taste. And, should the viands, which they may offer, prove baneful poisons, instead of wholesome aliments, the justification is both plain and easy.....*Good patriots must, at all events, please the people.* But those, whose patriotism is of the OLD SCHOOL, who differ so widely from the disciples of the new creed, that they would rather risk incurring the displeasure of the people, by speaking unpalatable truths, than betray their interest, by fostering their prejudices, will never be deterred, by an impure tide of popular opinion, from honestly pointing out the mistakes or the faults of weak or wicked men, who may have been selected, as guardians of the public weal.

The message of the president, by whatever motives it may have been dictated, is a performance which ought to alarm all, who are anxious for the safety of our government, for the repectability and welfare of our nation. It makes, or aims at making, a most prodigal sacrifice of constitutional energy, of sound principle, and of public interest, for the popularity of one man.

The first thing in it, which excites our surprise, is the very extraordinary position, that, though *Tripoli had declared war, in form*, against the United States, and had enforced it by actual hostility, yet that there was not power, for want of *the sanction of congress*, to capture and detain her cruizers, with their crews.

When the newspapers informed us, that one of these cruizers, after being subdued in a bloody conflict, had been liberated, and permitted quietly to return home, the imagination was perplexed to divine the reason. The conjecture naturally was, that, pursuing a policy, too refined perhaps for barbarians, it was intended, by that measure, to give the enemy a strong impression of our magnanimity and humanity. No one dreamt of a scruple, as to the *right* to seize and detain the armed vessel of an open and avowed foe, vanquished in battle. The enigma is now solved, and we are presented with one of the most singular paradoxes ever advanced, by a man, claiming the character of a statesman. When analyzed, it amounts to nothing less than this, that *between* two nations, there may exist a state of complete war on the one side....of peace on the other.

War, of itself, gives, to the parties, a mutual right to kill in battle, and to capture the persons and property of each other. This is a rule of natural law; a necessary and inevitable consequence of the state of war. This state, between two nations, is completely produced by the act of one.....it requires no concurrent act of the other. It is impossible to conceive the idea, that one nation can be in full war with another, and this other not in the same state, with respect to its adversary. The moment, therefore, that two nations are, in an absolute sense, at war, the public force of each may exercise every act of hostility, which the general laws of war authorise, against the persons and property of the other. As it respects this conclusion, the distinction between offensive and defensive war, makes no difference. That distinction is only material, to discriminate the aggressing nation, from that which defends itself against attack. The war is offensive, on the part of the state which makes it; on the opposite side, it is defensive: but the rights of both, as to the measure of hostility, are equal.

It will be readily allowed, that the constitution of a particular country may limit the organ, charged with the direction of the public force, in the use or application of that force, even in time of actual war: but nothing short of the strongest negative words, of the most express prohibitions, can be admitted to restrain that organ from so employing it, as to derive the fruits of actual victory, by making prisoners of the persons, and detaining the property of a vanquished enemy. Our constitution, happily, is not chargeable with so great an absurdity. The framers of it would have blushed at a provision, so repugnant to good sense, so inconsistent with national safety and convenience: That instrument has only provided, affirmatively, that "The congress shall have power to declare war;" the plain meaning of which is, that it is the peculiar and exclusive province of congress, *when the nation is at peace*, to change that state, into a state of war; whether from calculations of policy, or from provocations, or injuries received: in other words, it belongs to congress only, *to go to war*. But, when a foreign nation declares, or openly and avowedly makes war, upon the United States, they are then, by the very fact, already *at war*, and any declaration, on the part of congress, is nugatory: it is, at least, unnecessary. This inference is clear in principle, and has the sanction of established practice. It is clear in principle, because it is self evident, that a declaration, by one nation against another, produces, at once, a complete state of war between both; and that no declaration, on the other side, can at all vary their relative situation: and, in practice, it is well known, that nothing is more common, than, when war is declared by one party, to prosecute mutual hostilities, without a declaration by the other.

The doctrine of the message includes the strange absurdity, that, without a declaration of war, by congress, our public force may destroy the life, but may not restrain the liberty, or seize the property of an enemy. This was exemplified in the very instance of the Tripolitan corsair. A number of her crew were slaughtered in the combat, and, after she was subdued, she was set free with the remainder. But it may, perhaps, be said, that she was the assailant, and that resistance was an act of mere defence, and self-preservation. Let us then pursue the matter a step further. Our ships had blockaded the Tripolitan admiral, in the bay of Gibraltar; suppose he had attempted to make his way out, without first firing upon them: if permitted to do it, the blockade was a farce; if hindered by force, this would have amounted to more than a mere act of defence; and, if a combat had ensued, we should then have seen an unequivocal illustration of the unintelligible right, to take the life, but not to abridge the liberty, or capture the property of an enemy.

Let us suppose an invasion of our territory, previous to a declaration of war by congress. The principle avowed in the message, would authorize our troops to kill those of the invader, if they should come within the reach of their bayonets, perhaps to drive them into the sea, and drown them; but not to disable them from doing harm, by the milder process of making them prisoners, and sending them into confinement. Perhaps it may be replied, that the same end would be answered, by disarming and leaving them to starve. The merit of such an argument would be complete, by adding, that, should they not be famished, before the arrival of their ships, with a fresh supply of arms, we might then, if able, disarm them a second time, and send them on board their fleet, to return safely home.

The inconvenience of the doctrine in practice, is not less palpable than its folly in theory. In every case, it presents a most unequal warfare. In the instance which has occurred, the vanquished barbarian got off, with the loss of his guns. Had he been victorious, the Americans, whose lives might have been spared, would have been doomed to wear out a miserable existence, in slavery and chains. Substantial benefits would have rewarded his success; while, on our side, life, liberty, and property were put in jeopardy, for an empty triumph. This, however, was a partial inconvenience ....cases may arise, in which evils of a more serious and comprehensive nature, would be the fruits of this visionary and fantastical principle. Suppose that, in the recess of congress, a foreign maritime power should, unexpectedly, declare war against the United States, and send a fleet and army to seize Rhode Island, in order, from thence, to annoy our trade, and our sea-port towns. Till the congress should assemble and declare war, which would require time, our ships might, according to the hypothesis of the message, be sent, by the pre-

sident, to fight those of the enemy, as often as they should be attacked, but not to capture and detain them: if beaten, both vessels and crews would be lost to the United States: if successful, they could only disarm those they had overcome, and must suffer them to return to the place of common rendezvous, there to equip anew, for the purpose of resuming their depredations on our towns and our trade.

Who could restrain the laugh of derision at positions so preposterous, were it not for the reflection, that, in the first magistrate of our country, they cast a blemish on our national character?.... What will the world think of the fold, when such is the shepherd?

LUCIUS CRASSUS.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgat him."

A most unlucky instance of shortness of memory, and a strange one too, for Joseph had expressly stipulated with the imprisoned butler, that he should recollect the favourable interpreter of his dream, and obtain from Pharaoh an order for his enlargement.

Forgat him! Is it possible? Did the chief butler, as he filled the cup to Pharaoh, taste the wine so often, that it made him stupid or mad? Was the vine juice of Egypt ever mixed with poppy water, that it might, like the fabled river of oblivion, drown memory and her tribes? As I know of no ancient record, that alludes to this practice, and in the biography with which Moses has indulged us, of the chief butler, not a syllable is said, concerning his debauchery, I believe that the supposition that he was a toper, must be waved. We must look a little deeper than the bottom of a glass, or even a bottle, to discover the source of a courtier's ingratitude.

Let us look, therefore, once more into the book of Genesis, and I trust, that so lucid an historian as Moses, will shed light upon this sombre subject.

It appears that Joseph, suspected of an attempt upon the *virtue* of Potiphar's wife, was, by the instigation of that harridan of antiquity, committed to prison. According to the sacred text, this was a *state* prison, a kind of Egyptian *bastile*, where, as we read, "*the king's prisoners were bound*," whence meaner fellows were excluded, and none were admitted, but such courtiers and retainers to the palace, as had, by their carelessness, or their crimes, forfeited the royal favour. It is no great wonder then, that a couple of tradesmen, who had such frequent temptations to cheat, as a butler and a baker, should be put in ward. Light bread and sour wine had been vended in the palace, and the abused palate of Pharaoh was offended.—Joseph, who had ingratiated himself with the chief gaoler, was appointed a sort of deputy, or turnkey of the prison, and had the charge of these very delinquents.

One morning, "*behold they were sad;*" and, when interrogated, concerning the cause of their gloom, they informed Joseph, that they had dreamed, and there was no interpreter. The chief butler then related, that he had seen, in a vision, a clustered vine, of triple branches, whose grapes he pressed into the cup, and gave into the hand of Pharaoh. Joseph, after comforting the prisoner, by familiarly explaining his dream, and promising him restoration to his post in the household, pathetically beseeches him, that he would, in his prosperity, reflect on his unjustly accused friend, and mention him to his prince. "Think on me," says the beautifully simple original, "when it shall be well with thee, and shew kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me to Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house." This was surely an easy service; and, on the third day, when Pharaoh feasted his servants, when, amid the jollity of an entertainment, the released butler stood at the elbow of his appeased sovereign, what a favourable moment to suggest the propriety of loosing poor Joseph, who had been so unjustly bound! But mark an obsequious, callous, courtly slave. Intent alone upon his own prosperity, he is so busy in filling the ruddy cup for his king, and for *himself*, that not a thought of him intrudes, who has nothing to drink, but his own tears, and the waters of affliction. A selfish and ungrateful man, though he should outlive the oldest of the patriarchs, and allay the thirst of a lineage of Egyptian monarchs, would not once think of his benefactor, nor call to mind that *visionary* vine, which he had seen in adversity. No; a chief butler would have much more lucrative employment, than thinking upon the "*sorrowful sighing of a prisoner.*" A chief butler did not remember Joseph, but forgat him.

Are there not a thousand *worldly* reasons for this forgetfulness? *Prudence* might whisper to the butler, as he walked through the prison gate, not to lisp the name of Joseph, for, possibly, it might anger Pharaoh, and then his favour would be withdrawn, and *the butlership!* Besides, we should remember, that this dreamer in prison, was a very courtier in the palace. Watchful enough of his own, and "dealing out his *promises*, as liberally as his liquor." When Joseph had unravelled his entangled dreams, and foretold that he should again have the keys of Pharaoh's beaufet and cellar, I dare affirm, that the butler, with cringing complaisance, with low bows, and perpetual smile, engaged, upon his *honour*, not merely to remember, but to remunerate his deliverer. This was the promise of a courtier.—And who is ignorant that his engagements, like "your humble servant," at the bottom of a challenge, mean, if they have any meaning, nothing but death and destruction?—Many are the promises of the *chief butlers*, the Chesterfields, the smooth tongued men of the world. They *keep* them too; but so *close*, that, when the day of performance arrrives, not even their owner can find them—mislaid in some obscure corner of memory's chest!

THE LAY PREACHER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

——"For you
I tame my youth to philosophic cares
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps."
Dr. ARMSTRONG.

In a "Satirical View of London, at the Close of the Eighteenth Century," a new work, of much information, the noted Peter Pindar is thus characterized.

Among the constellation of our contemporary wits, Peter Pindar has long shone as a star of the first magnitude. His humorous descriptions of licentiousness, and his indirect sarcasms against religion and morality, have, perhaps, contributed more to the depravity of the age, than all the speculations of the philosophic fraternity. The nostrums of this poetical quack have long been swallowed, as an antidote against the spleen, that destroyer of imaginary happiness. The great and the gay wished for amusement: an author, who could make them laugh was the man—and the facetious Peter, by a combination of sarcasm against modesty and piety, with personal satire, and by making his curious verses tinkle prettily in rhyme, became the favourite poet of the day. The fairest dames laughed with convulsive glee, and beardless libertines treasured up his "Ode to Lais" in their memory.

—

In SWIFT's correspondence, as preserved by Dr. Hawkesworth, there is a lively proof of the versatility of genius, and of that inestimable power, the privilege of etherial spirits, of appearing gay and unembarrassed, amid public cares, and under the weight of business, which nought but "Atlantean shoulders" could support. He is speaking of BOLINGBROKE and Harley, at a time when these rival ministers were half smothering the fiercest resentment, and were involved in the most complex and important negociations. "I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged, as school boys on a holiday."

—

Among the many admirable articles of biography, which the lives of the learned and the ingenious have given to the inquisitive, few, with the exception of Boswell's Johnson, surpass, in entertainment and valuable instruction, Dr. Currie's "Life of Robert BURNS." The biographer, a fine writer and sensible man, although accused of leaning towards democratic theories, has nought of jacobinism, but much truth in the following brilliant image. "Prejudice and tyranny seemed about to disappear from among men, and the day-star of reason to rise upon a benighted world. In the dawn of this beautiful morning, the genius of French freedom appeared on our southern horizon, with the countenance of an angel, but speedily assumed the features of a dæmon, and vanished in a shower of blood."

—

The fair sex, who, it is said by some, are vain of the attention of men of wit, are often deaf to their serious vows, and, in a matrimonial connection, prefer dull men, or fools. This remark, if well founded, is not very honourable, either to the female head or heart. SWIFT, when addressing some complimentary verses to a very accomplished friend, who had been rejected by the insolence or the folly of some court jilt, has the following expressions, which are equivalent to whole volumes on the subject:

A spirit, so *inform'd as yours*,
Can never prosper in amours.
The god of wit, and light, and arts,
With all acquir'd and natural parts,
Whose harp could savage breasts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield:
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursued,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew.
For such is all the sex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light;
They fly, and none can overtake,
But some gay coxcomb, or a rake.

That was an admirable compliment by lord HERBERT,

An *old courtier* of the king's, and the king's old courtier,

addressed to a beautiful nun, who sung melodiously at her grate, "That she need not change either voice or face, to become an angel."

—

A conspicuous character is often more deeply injured by clumsy praise, than by determined enmity; and Phocion, when he heard the plausive shouts of a Greek *mob*, was apprehensive that he had spoken or acted like a fool. There is a style of nauseous panegyric, common in our vulgar newspapers, couched in such mean or such tumid expressions, that a man of sensibility would rather be splashed with all the mud from the kennels of obloquy, than bedaubed with trite and injudicious applause.

"He hurts me most, who lavishly commends,"

was the remark of the most sensible of poets; and a high minded man, before he suffers his self-complacency to be soothed with flattery, will inquire, what right has this person to commend? Is *his* approbation of any worth? Am I

Laudatus a *laudato* viro?

—

DRYDEN, in his tragedy of "The Duke of Guise," describes, with wonderful energy, the coward heart of a great *patriot* of antiquity, the execrable *Brutus*, whom lord Chesterfield very justly stiles "A *thief* in Macedonia."

.....I hate the memory of Brutus,
I mean the *latter*, so cry'd up in story.
Cæsar did ill, but *did it in the sun*,
And *foremost* in the field; but *sneaking* Brutus,
Whom none but cowards and white liver'd knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his fellows,
His dagger in his bosom, stabb'd his father.

Nothing can be finer than the contrast, thus drawn between these Romans. The frankness of a magnanimous spirit is admirably opposed to the dastardly machinations of a *patriotic* plotter.

—

The earl of Northington was remarkable for the bluntness of his speech, the number of his expletives, and the sharpness of his wit. The reader may remember, that, in the year 1766, the changes in the British ministry were as rapid as those of the moon. In the midst of these mutations, the earl, who, I believe, was then president of council, was called upon, at a great dinner party, to give a toast.

What that rogue loses, this rogue wins,
Both are birds of common feather,
Here's damn the *outs*, and d——n the *ins*,
And d——n them altogether.

THE FINE ARTS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

With the utmost alacrity, we extract the following article from the London "Monthly Magazine." It is another honourable testimony to the genius of Mr. STUART.

"Mr. Cooke, in the character of Iago, painted by James Green. Engraved and published by G. Ward, London, price 10s. and 6d."

The point of time, which the artist has taken, is that, where Iago addresses Othello: *Oh, my lord, beware of jealousy!* This being a time when the villain assumes the character of honesty, does not give the opportunity for the display of that malignity, which was delineated in such colours, *as those that run might read*, in a sketch made of the late Mr. Henderson, by AMERICAN STUART, which was afterwards engraved by Bartolozzi. It is rather theatrical, but, on the whole, it is a good print. The hand is the worst part.

The connoisseurs will be delighted with the following account of a copy of a very scarce and celebrated picture, Rubens and his wife, painted by Rubens and Snyders, and drawn and engraved by G. Summerfield, late pupil to Bartolozzi, R. A. from the original picture, in the possession of the right honourable the earl of Aylesford, to whom it is inscribed.

The original picture, painted by two artists of such talents, in their different walks, is a singular curiosity. RUBENS looks like a labouring man, bearing a fawn on his shoulder, and a basket of game upon his arm. His wife follows him, with a basket of fruit on her head. The figures and fruit are painted by Rubens, the fawn and game by Snyders. To transfer from the canvass to the copper, a work by two such painters, was a noble daring; and this artist, who is, as we are informed, a very young man, has performed it in a manner that does great credit to him. To give a perfect idea of the animals of Snyders, of the lightness and brilliancy of colouring of Rubens, upon copper, is not possible; but this print displays great talent, and appears to be done with much care. The drawing is correct, the stroke clear, and, considered as a *whole*, it leads us to expect, that Mr. Summerfield's future exertions will give him a title to rank high in his profession.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

We learn from London, that Messrs. CLEMENTI and Co. have invented a new species of barrel organ, which, to the usual properties of that instrument, adds the advantages of a double drum, tabor, triangle, flageolet, and pedal movements, all of which may be blended together, or introduced separately, at the momentary will of the performer. The examiner of this curious and original piece of mechanism will not be less struck with the various effects of power and sweetness, which it produces, than with the simplicity and permanency of construction, under which the whole is comprized, and by which it is not only calculated for an easy conveyance at home, but for exportation to the most distant quarters of the globe.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The hint, for the present mode of dress, from the shoulders to the feet, seems to have been suggested by the sight of wet drapery. The material, of which the muslin robe is made, has, in itself, no elasticity, and, consequently, clings close to the limbs. Perhaps, my fair readers, something beside Grecian beauty should be studied. There was a decency, a decorum, in wearing even that uncouth, that unnatural thing, called *a hoop*. It kept the enemy at a distance, and even the abuse of it, by the wanton hand of audacious demireps, in reminding the men of the goodness of a lady's hosiery, was, perhaps, better tolerated, than that the outline of the female figure should be constantly obtruded on the sight.

For the information of posterity, as well as of the present age, we copy the following advertisement, verbatim from a London paper.

"Ross, No. 119 Bishopsgate-street, Within, who invented several elegant fashions, which were honoured with universal approbation on the last birth day, having completed a sufficient number of them for public inspection, respectfully offers them to the ladies, under the following names:

"*The tufted ringlets, or crown of Canathos.* This head-dress, formed from a Grecian model, rises on the summit of the head, and flows down it in elastic tresses, with the most careless and tasteful grace.

"*The Roman frontlet, or antiæ barbatæ.*—Adapted for those ladies, whose hair does not extend low enough for the present taste, or is too soft to preserve itself in curl. It will be found peculiarly useful in journeys, and on the sea coast, as dews and saline exhalations have no effect upon it. It may be fastened on in a moment, yet so artificially is the fastening concealed, that, even on examination, it is not to be discovered from natural hair. It is as simple in its construction as it is easy in its form, light in its weight, and small in its price.

"*The Euodian favourite, or fragrant lock*—Was invented, because complaints had been made of the floating dust having soiled the hair, and created an unpleasant scent. This head-dress combines a beauty of form, and a fragrancy of odour, which, when blended together, are appropriate to that delicate niceness, and charming taste, so peculiar to the British females.

"These, together with artificial hair, unmanufactured or manufactured, of all sorts, colours, and forms, may be inspected at his house and warehouses.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

A crowd of subjects excluded from our last review, a general criticism upon all the performances of the week. But, as we wish to bring up all arrears to the close of the year, and fulfil, with mercantile exactness, our engagements to the public, we now atone for our sins of omission, and *balance*, with fairness, our theatrical *books*.

"The Merchant of Venice," one of the most valuable of SHAKSPEARE's plays, voluble in its diction, and moral in its lessons, exciting the mind by scenes, now mournful and now merry, was represented, we are sorry to say, to a house very scarce of auditors. Of the two leading characters, Mrs. Whitlock's Portia, and Mr. Bernard's Shylock, we hold it but just to speak with much complacency. The Jew sought his revenge, and adhered to the letter of "the bond," with characteristic malignity; and the courted lady, "richly left in Belmont," deserved the regard of the "many Jasons" who came in quest of her. From the expressive "eyes" of this sister of Siddons, "fair, speechless messages" were often rapidly conveyed to plausive spectators, and she run over the catalogue of her rejected lovers, with equal volubility and wit.

In the sentimental description of the affectionate *adieus* of Antonio and Bassanio, we were of opinion, that the actor, who personated

Salario, did not pathetically express these exquisite lines:

> "And even there, his eye being big with tears,
> Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
> And, with affection wond'rous sensible,
> He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted."

Mr. Blisset, a very facetious player, a harlequin in the alertness of his motions, and an adept in face making, was droll in "Launcelot;" and when, with a vain glorious accent, he endeavoured to tamper with the credulity of Old Gobbo, he excited many a smile, at his *vulgar* recollection of a part of heathen mythology.

> Talk you of *young master* Launcelot; for the young gentleman, according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and *such branches of learning*, is indeed deceased.

"The Battle of Hexham," bustling in its action, and loyal in its sentiments, one of COLMAN'S best operas, exhibiting, sometimes, no clumsy travestie of Shakspeare's style, and always a rich variety of sweet and characteristic songs, was played to general approbation. The favourite catch of

> "When Arthur first at court began
> To wear long hanging sleeves."

was given with much effect.

In the song of the banditti, "Lurk, Lurk," &c. the attitudes of the forest felons associated at once, in our imagination, what the pencil of SALVATOR ROSA has so often embodied.

Mrs. Whitlock uttered regal sentiments, with great dignity, and we thought, that, in her scenes of distress and terror, her passions were

> "The passions of a *queen*."

Mr. Bernard's "Gregory Gubbins" diverted the audience with his quaint jokes, and coward tremor; and, in his merry song of "Moderation," the audience seemed to forget the moral of the burthen, for they were *immoderate* in their applause.

On the *German* play, we shall scarcely throw a glance, though it is but justice to mention, that, in *getting it up*, some judicious critic had lopped off many of the giant limbs of Kotzebue's prolixity, and somewhat mitigated his ferocious features. Pope calls his bookseller, Lintot, "*a dull rogue;*" and, in the plays of this Teutonic writer, there may be discerned a disgusting association of the heavy, and the corrupt. "*As a *Stranger*," Philanthropy might exclaim, "Let us give it welcome!" But, as he appears to the writer of this article, an "alien and an enemy," it is determined to withhold *comfort and assistance*, and pass on to

A new comedy, called, with easy alliteration, and with local propriety, "A Wedding in Wales." This performance attracted one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences, with which we have mingled, during the present season.

The following is an outline of the fable:

The scene lies in Wales, at the house of sir Owen Meredith. Lambton, the hero of the piece, has cajoled, by a fictitious marriage, Maria Llewelyn, the daughter of a village curate. After an interval of some years, he is betrothed to Augusta Meredith, sir Owen's daughter, and the action commences, on the evening preceding their intended nuptials. As the wedding hour approaches, he becomes anxious and embarrassed, from the recollection of his former deceit, and his anxiety is augmented by the sound of an harp, which, at the midnight hour, plays, under his window, a favourite air of Maria's, and forcibly revives his recollection of the forsaken lady. This embarrassment of Lambton has excited the suspicion and displeasure of his intended bride, who also confesses herself to have been much captivated by a stranger, whom she had accidentally seen at a bathing place. This stranger proves to be Somers, an intimate friend of Lambton, invited to the wedding, and who actually arrives on the preceding eve. To avoid an explanation with Somers, and to develope his character, Augusta persuades her friend, Charlotte Belmont, to assume her name, at their first interview with Somers, while she appears in the character of her friend. The plot succeeds; the "*love at first sight*" of Somers for Augusta ripens into a fervid passion, and he applies to Charlotte's guardian, for permission to pay her his addresses. This guardian, who is represented as one of "the mob of gentlemen, who write with ease," expresses his regret at this offer, assures him that his ward is engaged, and greatly distresses Somers, by this unwelcome response. Meanwhile, Llewelyn, who has been for some years abroad, suddenly arrives at sir Owen's. During his absence, he has received intelligence that his daughter was dead. Upon his return, he learns the real truth, that, discovering Lambton's perfidy, his daughter had flown to her aunt for protection, who, disbelieving her story, refused her an asylum. He, therefore, comes to Lambton for information; the latter asserts his ignorance of her father, and the old man departs to renew his search for the deserted Maria.

Lambton is now discovered in his chamber, at midnight, the harp is again heard, he rushes out to discover the performer, his heart swelling with mournful presages, and, darkling in the forest, inquires in vain. His servant, Ambrose, who, in following him, has mistaken his master's rout, sees the unknown musician, who appears to be Maria, and imagines her to be a spectre. Maria is next discovered in a ruined Abbey, where she makes her temporary abode. A violent storm now ensues, and Llewelyn, who has missed his way in the darkness of the night, and is seeking for shelter from the storm, advances to the Abbey, and asks for admission. The sound of his voice brings Maria to the door, and a recognition succeeds.

In the last act, Lambton is discovered, reading a letter, addressed to him by Maria, on the preceding evening, in which, distracted by his perfidy, she announces a design of self destruction, and implores his protection for a pledge of their love, whom he has never seen, and who was born after she was deserted. The child now enters, and Lambton requests him to lead the way to the Abbey. An eclaircisement next takes place between Llewelyn and his daughter, and the former quits her, in order to seek some means of removing her from her desolate retreat. Lambton enters, and offers his hand to Maria, as the only reparation for the injury, which he had committed. His offer is refused, and he returns to sir Owen's, to cancel his engagements with Augusta. The explanation appears to be an equal relief to both, and Lambton offers to use his influence with sir Owen, to give his daughter to Somers. After an explanation with sir Owen, Lambton retires; and Ambrose enters to announce the apprehension of Maria, whose solitary mode of life, and nocturnal rambles had excited terror and suspicion among the simple rustics of the neighbourhood. Upon her introduction, however, Ambrose instantly recognizes her, gives vent to the most extravagant expressions of joy, and runs out to seek his master. The latter soon enters, and again implores her to accept his hand. When Ambrose confesses that he had procured a real, instead of a fictitious licence, and produces a certificate of their legal union. The piece then concludes with the union of Somers and Augusta, and the restoration of Llewelyn, his daughter, and Lambton to happiness.

This plot is sufficiently well woven; the dialogue is pure and elegant, and many of the characters are strongly conceived, and ably drawn. The remorse of the conscious Lambton, the anguish of the deluded lady, and the

---

* The Editor cannot resist the temptation of publishing, with applause, the opinion of the celebrated Mrs. WEST, on the subject of this *popular* play.

"Allow me to introduce the celebrated song in "The *Stranger*," in proof that an *earnest desire* of reconciliation with heaven, as a mark of *christian* contrition, is not only unnecessary, but absolutely hostile to the refined idea, which *German* moralists entertain of this expiating quality.

> I have a silent sorrow here,
> A grief I'll ne'er impart;
> It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
> But it consumes my heart.
>
> This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,
> My lot for ever be,
> So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
> Be never known by thee.
>
> And when pale characters of death
> Shall mark this alter'd cheek;
> When my poor wasted trembling breath
> My lips last hope would speak;
>
> I shall not raise my hands to heaven,
> Nor mercy ask for me;
> My soul despairs to be forgiven,
> Unpardon'd love, by thee.

Adelaide is so far a penitent, that she abjures her paramour, and leads a recluse life of solitude and virtue. You may be sure she is very charitable, because our philanthropists never fail to apply the *misapprehended* text, that "charity covers a multitude of sins." These stanzas, which are supposed to be her composition, are very humorously parodied in the Anti Jacobin, and are as remarkable for their inconsistency, as for their immorality. The first contains the description of a very extraordinary and unusual passion. "A sorrow that breathes no sigh, and sheds no tear, and yet consumes the heart." This may be the German way of grieving, but in England it is otherwise, and I observed that Mrs. SIDDONS, who may *surely* be deemed a good judge of the passions, had recourse to both sighs and tears to express her own emotions, and to excite the sympathy of the audience, while she performed the character. The second stanza rises in the climax of absurdity; a penitent will rather *feel* than *cherish* woe; but the hope, that ever accompanies true contrition, must exclude *despair*, which is only the lot of the *desperately* wicked. I believe that were even these to express their feelings, they would rather say that they were a prey to it, than that they *love* it. But why, in the name of the goddess of nonsense, does Adelaide propose, by enduring these pangs, to commute with her husband's ignorance of them? She knew that he was a man of honour, who had been driven frantic by her *guilt*, and, therefore, she wishes that he should never know her *reformation*. By what sophistry, what refined perversion of morals, can this idea be reconciled to truth and nature?

"I have nothing to say to the poetical periphrasis in the third stanza, but the fourth contains the very quintessence of illumination and deism. Neither the grammar nor the poetry are unexceptionable; but the moral is what I attack. The pious, penitent, exemplary Adelaide chooses to die of this sorrow, that has no expression, without raising her eyes to heaven, or asking pardon, because she has not been forgiven by her husband; and she is strenuous that her husband should never know her remorse, for fear he should forgive her. What an extraordinary penitent!" See "Letters addressed to a young Man, on his first Entrance into Life, and adapted to the peculiar Circumstances of the present Times, by Mrs. WEST."

honest, though undisciplined emotions of the unsophisticated Ambrose, are painted from the life. We must compliment the author too upon the purity and precision of his style. It is English; and, as we understand he is an *Oxford scholar, however he may be a truant from her discipline, and an admirer of republican institutions, it is very certain, he is an example of the manifold blessings of the CLASSICAL and RIGOROUS mode of instruction, and that he does not suffer the purity and vigour of his phrase to be tarnished and weakened, by a single combination from the *Columbian* vocabulary of Mr. Noah Webster.

Having thus far expressed ourselves in terms of general approbation, with respect to this comedy, we cannot close, without regretting that the author should be so scrupulously classical in conforming to the authority of †TERENCE, who was the first to throw over the frolic limbs of the tittering Thalia, the "*sad* array" of her mournful sister. "The Wedding in Wales" is too serious; and, we think, that the author has been dazzled by the splendour of Roman example, or, we fear, misled by the lights of erring taste, and *German* meteors, from the *gay* walk of FARQUHAR and CONGREVE, to the cypress shade of CUMBERLAND and KOTZEBUE. We are confident that he could have highly seasoned his composition with wit, if he had chosen, and that, from his admiration of impassioned scenes, and pathetic description, he deliberately abated himself in *comic force*. Hence, there is sometimes too much gloom, and sometimes a degree of languor in the action, and we sometimes forget that we are called to the gay festivities of a "*wedding*." At a comedy, almost every auditor says, in the words of the song,

"The *merry dance* I dearly love:"

and, when we advert to the musical taste and fluent songs of the supposed author of this play, we would urge him to the composition of a comic opera, in which he would unquestionably be popular.

We have only to add, that the character of the vain poet, who teizes every one to listen to his lame verses, is diverting, and resembles that of *Ninny*, in SHADWELL'S "*Sullen Lovers, or the Impertinents.*" The incident of substituting a genuine for a spurious licence, seems to be borrowed from the Vicar of Wakefield, in which Jenkinson practices upon the libertine, Thornhill, a similar deception, in favour of Olivia.

The principal performers evidently exerted themselves to act this comedy well. Mr. Wood was forcible and attentive; Bernard natural in Ambrose; Mrs. Merry wonderfully energetic and plaintive in the abbey scene, and quite a sorceress in the enchantments of the song. Mr. Wignell, in Llewelyn, often gave the tenderness of the parent, and the simplicity of the parish priest. The scenery was very striking and suitable. We would particularize that scene, in which the sound of village bells undulates on the ear, and that in which the tempest raves through the apartments of the ruinated abbey.

* The writer of this article cannot sufficiently express his enthusiastic admiration for the doctrine and the discipline of the university of Oxford. On the banks of the Isis; a long succession of liberal and ingenious youth have cherished the pages of THE ANCIENTS, and the memory of THE STUARTS.

† The imitators of Terence, says the learned Dr. KNOX, ought to remember, that the best judges, among whom was JULIUS CÆSAR, *disapproved* his want of *wit* and *humour*.—See "Winter's Evenings," page 386.

If I were to appeal to an audience, assembled at Covent-Garden or Drury-Lane, I believe that they would cordially agree with me, that a truly excellent comedy is that which causes them to shake their sides most frequently, with the drollery of its scenes, and the wit and humour of its conversation. Let us suppose a person, intending to amuse his evening, by the sight of a play. At one theatre a comedy is to be exhibited, at another a tragedy. He debates the point with himself, to which he shall go, and finds that his mind is in a disposition to be diverted with ludicrous representation. He resolves, therefore, to see the camedy. Unacqvainted with the piece, he enters the the theatre, in expectation of mirth; but the comedians, after a great deal of delicate, refined, and serious converse, begin to weep. The spectator can scarcely believe, that he has not made a mistake! He finds the distress of tragedy, under the deceitful title of comedy. He is dejected and disappointed; and, indeed, has a right to complain of a feast, served up different from the bill of fare.—Ibid.

SELECTED ANECDOTES.

SHAKE UPON SHAKE.

An apothecary at Newcastle, having a patient lying at death's door, sent him a bottle of medicine, and wrote on the label, *when taken, to be well shaken.* Next day he repaired to his patient's house, and inquired of the servant, who opened the door, how his master was? The servant shook his head. "What is he worse?" said the apothecary. "Did he take the draught?"—"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well, what then, John?"—"Why, then, sir, we *shook* him once."—"*Shook him?* what! shake a patient! why, *a shake* won't do, friend."—"No, sir, so we thought, and, therefore, *shook* him *twice*."—"Why d—n it, man, that would make him worse?"—"So it did, sir, (said John) and we tried a *third*."—"A third! zounds! and what then?"—"Why, then, sir, *master died.*"

AN EQUITABLE DECISION.

A barrister, not overburthened with abilities, had pleaded, in the court of chancery, the case of some orphans. As the lord chancellor was going out, the counsel entered into some conversation with him, and said he hoped he had been successful, in exciting his lordship's compassion. "You have indeed (said the chancellor), I *pity you very much.*"

CHARLES YORKE.

When the late Mr. Charles Yorke was returned member of parliament for the university of Cambridge, he went round the senate to thank those, who had voted for him, and said to one of them noted for having *a very long and ordinary face*, "Sir, I have reason to be thankful to my friends, in general, but I confess myself under a particular obligation to you for the *very remarkable countenance*, you have shewn me on this occasion."

POLITICAL SYNOPSIS.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

....."We'll talk of *news;*
Who loses, and who wins, who's in, who's out,
And TAKE UPON US THE MYSTERY OF THINGS."
SHAKSPEARE.

——At the close of this part of our labours, with the close of an eventful year, when we reflect on the portentous revolutions in European affairs, the instability of political science, capricious change of men and measures, and the alternations of peace and war, rapid and evanescent as the flushings of an hectic face, we cannot help reflecting on the brief tenure of all human expectations, and repeat the too faithful description of THOMSON.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals, and nightly juntos met;
And now they whisper'd close, now, shrugging, rear'd
The important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret:
When lo! PUSH'D UP TO POWER, and crown'd their cares,
In comes *another set*, and *kicketh them down stairs.*

But what most shows the vanity of life,
Is to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd and deadly strife;
And clashing powers, inflamed by black desire
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work, when each begins to tire,
They *sit them down*, JUST WHERE THEY WERE *before.*
Till, for new scenes of woe, Peace shall their force restore.

——While lord Hawkesbury and Otto were signing the preliminaries of a "giddy and unstable" peace, the gallant Hutchinson was quenching the French firebrand in Egypt, and receiving the homage of the vanquished Menou. It appears to be often the singular lot of England to make, in the moment of victory, a bad bargain with her neighbours. It seems to be a trait in the political character of *John Bull*, and, if the writer mistake not, Dr. ARBUTHNOT alludes to it more than once, in his well-known satire.——Before Cairo, many signal deeds of British valour were displayed, and, as they were employed against Frenchmen, of whose *enormous* valour, so many "big swelling words" have been so long spoken, it is time to conclude that there is not much "courage extant" of soberer character, or more determined features, than that of English soldiers, fighting in a just cause.——It is reported that Otto, the peacemaker, is to come out, we suppose, in the character of peace broker, to America. As this country has been pretty generally deformed by faction, of late, we should suppose that the citizen had better deal in peace by *wholesale*, and open his French shop to the persecuted of all nations.——A pitiful jacobin, in one of the English journals, has made the eulogium of Otto, and quotes, from the profligate Voltaire, a brace of *lying* verses, the "*very germ*," as a foolish Frenchman would say, of revolution.

"Les hommes *sont egaux*, ce n'est pas la naissance,
C'est la seule virtue, qui fait la difference."

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

——A tremendous fire has lately raged at Boston, and devoured much of the property of its more laborious inhabitants. The conflagration was most extensive in its devastation in the north quarter of the town, inhabited principally by the poor and by industrious citizens.——Men are involved in doubt respecting the present occupation, and probable return of the *treaty-bearer*. Some are of opinion, that he boards with a *man* millener, in Bond street, while others are positive that he is to be the speedy carrier of a—card of compliment from Gen. Lauriston to our fellow citizen, Mr. Jefferson.——Congress have convened at Washington, and the members compliment each other on their mutual good-will and forbearance. Mr. *Giles* is prophetic of harmony, *during the whole session*, and Mr. *Randolph is diffident* of his *mercantile* science. Even the vociferous general *Smith* "abates" in his "manly

rage," and nothing but *neutral salts* can be found in Dr. *Mitchell's* chymistry. The hall exhibits a beautiful picture of *still life*, to be gazed at with extacy, by every republican amateur. Meanwhile, high political cares are not forgotten, for it is whispered that, with *closed doors*, the senate have ratified the convention with France, in which a new clause, by the command of the first consul, is inserted; a clause good-humouredly oblivious of former treaties, and generously refusing all indemnification! While, too the republican majority is thus watchful of our interests abroad, it is far from being unmindful of our dignity and good name at home. From the rubbish of bureau pigeon holes, the fair and balanced accounts of a late secretary of state are again unrolled, and to convince our republican constituents that we are careful of our money, and hate a well principled federalist, it is our pleasure to throw *pointless* darts at the probity of PICKERING once more.——As a final paragraph, in our "*brief chronicle*" of American affairs, we terminate our annual duty, by remarking, that the administration of government, which, at the commencement of the year, was regulated by principles, *energetic* and useful, has passed into new and feeble hands. This, our native country, one of the fairest portions of the globe, another Zion "beautiful for situation," and which might be, did not "*the madness of the people*" prevent, the "joy of the whole earth," is deformed by democratic violence, and the sport of every visionary. A long and illustrious roll of statesmen, with integrity, as pure as that of SULLY, with industry, as active as that of WALSINGHAM, and with talents, splendid as those of XIMENES or BOLINGBROKE, is discarded, and desperate Adventure, and French Philosophy, Weakness of Head, and Corruption of Heart are the usurpers. Genius, energy, worth, and wisdom are proscribed; and this potent country exhibits the strange picture, of a government, "*tentative*" and changeable; its rights tampered with, by every vain sophist; its powers wasted, by experiments in every magician's cauldron; and its countenance rudely defaced, by the insolence of every licentious boor. A state of things, so enormously preposterous, cannot continue. A corrective must be promptly applied; and we are sure, in the words of a great orator, that, "Let some great, brave, disinterested man ARISE, and, as the Guardian Genius of this country, he will be received, followed, and almost adored."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

——The London booksellers have published, in three volumes, octavo, a new edition of Dr. Hartley's "Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations." If a man *will* study metaphysics, he may amuse himself with Dr. Hartley's "Vibrations," in preference to most systems. We recommend, however, Tom Jones, Lazarillo de Tormes and Gil Blas, as much more useful. If a student be inquisitive concerning the nature of his mind, let him read Don Quixote. This is an exceeding good book, said Dr. SYDENHAM, and I read Don Quixote still.——Mrs. West, one of the purest writers among the literary ladies of England, has published a very moral and salutary book, entitled, "Letters addressed to a young Man, on his first Entrance into Life, and adapted to the peculiar Circumstances of the present Times."——Mr. William Woodfall, of well-known perseverance, and of *iron* memory, has published "An Impartial Report of the Debates, that have occurred in the two Houses of Parliament, during the present year 1801, with occasional Notes and Illustrations."——The learned Dr. PARR, has published an elaborate sermon, preached at Christ's church, on Easter Tuesday, 15th April, 1800. To which are added, notes from various authors, in various languages. We have read this learned and liberal sermon, with great pleasure, and think it may be described in the doctor's own words, as applied to another subject. "It contains seriousness, without austerity; earnestness, without extravagance; good sense, without the trickeries of art; good language, without the trappings of rhetoric, and the firmness of conscious worth, rather than the prancings of giddy ostentation. ——Samuel Etheridge has published, at Boston, "The Progress of the Pilgrim Good-Intent, in Jacobinical Times." This work passed through five editions in England, in the course of a few months. It is a happy imitation of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and can hardly be read by any one, without pleasure and profit. The author is unknown, but it was evidently written by a person of genius, *piety*, and a thorough acquaintance with the nature and fruits of the *new philosophy*, against the poison of which this little work is the best antidote, perhaps, that has appeared. Every parent, who knows the worth of the book, and wishes to train up his children in the old paths, and good way of virtue and piety, will put it into their hands: every instructor of youth will recommend it to his pupils—every minister to his people.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Certain interesting and elegant versions, from one of the profoundest Roman historians, are preparing for the Port Folio.

A new series of periodical essays will commence with the year.

In the political department of our paper, we hope to receive powerful aid.

"Ruralina" is invited to a correspondence.

We shall soon suggest some interesting topics to "P. D."

We cannot concur with "BENVOLIO," in his very *candid* system. This same *candour*, so affected in revolutionary times, is a bastard slip of *French* philanthropy. When whole tribes of men and women act such parts as we daily witness, instead of believing lord SHAFTESBURY, the theory in the following verses had better be studied.

"A nymph and a swain to Apollo once pray'd,
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd;
Their intent was to try if his oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.

Apollo was mute, and had like t' have been pos'd,
But sagely, at length, he this secret disclos'd:
He alone wont betray, *in whom none will confide*,
And the nymph may be chaste, *that has never been tried.*"

"Bibo" has the frolic of a Bacchante, and the wit of Mercury. We shall be glad to hear from him again.

Whether in social bowers you ply
The festive bowl, or, by some dimpling stream,
Indulge the sentimental sigh,
At life's absurd, inexplicable dream.

Let wine and elegance unite,
Their choicest blessings largely to dispense;
Quicken desire, improve delight,
And give the sweetest feelings to the sense.

The Drama, The Fine Arts, The Festoon of Fashion, Account of New Music, Account of New Publications, and every species of literary and amusing intelligence, will, in future, form articles of regular recurrence in the Port Folio.

Some new and very beautiful pieces of poetry will very shortly appear.

"PETER PENCIL," who formerly painted for the Farmer's Museum, and hit off many a likeness of rustic and humourous character, is invited to delineate the varieties of female passion.

"Come then, the colours and the ground prepare,
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynth'a of this minute."

We are delighted to find the sentiments of all, whom we "delight to honour," in exact unison with our own, with respect to the *militia*, whose establishment is so much talked of, in a late *message*. The poet, DRYDEN, has exactly described the *citizen* soldier.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude *militia* swarms;
Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast expense;
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;
Stout, once a month, they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand.

Answers to "ASPASIA" have been received. They shall be attended to.

The deserved compliment from "Senex," to Hannah *More*, shall have a ready insertion.

In the front of our Original Poetry, we arrange a very close and beautiful imitation of the celebrated ballad of "Alonzo the brave, and the fair Imogene."

We suggest to our *critical* reviewers, Mr. Jefferson's *message*, as a wide subject for their speculation.

We begin the Port Folio of this week, with a very strict, scrutinizing, and just, though severe, examination of the president's message. The whole will form the most complete confutation of the visionary theories of Mr. Jefferson, that has yet appeared.

It will essentially oblige the Editor, if those members of congress, who are friends to him, and to the design of the Port Folio, will favour him with sketches of the greater and more important political objects; and if, in the intervals of "deliberation and public care," they will correspond with frequency and freedom.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Prolix poetry, no less than prolix politics, is apt to be shunned by the volatile, or the indolent reader. The *length* of this ballad must not deter any man of taste, from a perusal of

EDRIC AND SIR ALBERT THE BRAVE.

High rais'd on a rock, that o'erlook'd the wide plain,
Stood the castle of Rowland the bold;
Who had strode, in time past, amid heaps of the slain,
Regardless of numbers, regardless of pain,
But sir Rowland had now become old.

In a daughter he plac'd all his joy and delight,
(Angelina, the name of the maid);
And Albert, the brave, saw her beauty so bright,
And her charms were his theme, both by day and by night,
Nor was Albert's fond love unrepaid.

No knight was more honour'd than Albert by fame,
No knight could more truly adore;
But Edric had gaz'd on the charms of the dame,
And his heart, fierce and rugged, now glow'd with a flame,
Which it never had witness'd before.

To honour and arms both were equally known,
Both beneath the same standard had fought;
But Albert in mildness his rival outshone,
And those softer affections of heart were his own,
Which Edric too much set at nought.

Unyielding and stern, as the firm rooted oak,
He disdain'd the emotions he felt:
And when to the fair Angelina he spoke,
From his lips no soft accents of tenderness broke,
Which the bosom of beauty might melt.

To sir Rowland he went, and his suit he proclaim'd,
And recounted the deeds he had done;
But sir Rowland for fondness paternal was fam'd,
He complied with the wishes his daughter had fram'd,
And declar'd the brave Albert his son.

In wrath from his presence then Edric retir'd,
For vengeance had enter'd his breast;
Yet emotions more soft Angelina inspir'd,
And with love and resentment alternately fir'd,
His soul was a stranger to rest.

It was autumn; and news to sir Edric there came,
That inflam'd his resentment and pride;
For, ere Christmas arriv'd (such the rumour of fame),
Young Albert the brave at the altar would claim
Angelina the fair as his bride.

Disappointed and baffled, with anger he glow'd,
And he rush'd from his castle at night;
Chance led through the depths of a forest his road,
Where thick-tangled boughs not an avenue shew'd
For a star to have pour'd its pale light.

Though ignorant whither his footsteps might lead,
Still fearlessly onward he went;
The darkness, the danger he seem'd not to heed,
Though the thorns sorely pierc'd him he still would proceed,
Though the blood ting'd the ground as he went.

At length he had forc'd 'mid the brambles his way,
And a cavern arose to his sight;
Its dimensions, its figure, he strove to survey,
But beyond its arch'd entrance, not one single ray
Illumin'd the darkness of night.

Whilst yet in suspense at the entrance he stood,
He call'd; but nought answered the sound:
The wind swept by, fitful, and howl'd through the wood,
Cold and cheerless the sound, and in sorrowful mood,
He threw himself down on the ground.

There, worn with fatigue, for awhile he reclin'd,
But not long could he taste of repose;
He recall'd all the charms to a rival resign'd,
Whilst himself was neglected, and still in his mind
New pictures of horror arose.

"Ah who," he exclaim'd, "near a rival could dwell?
Who could witness his insolent pride?
Ere I would submit to a torment so fell,
I'd accept, as a boon, from the dæmons of hell,
Angelina the fair as my bride."

He spoke; and a voice through the cavern was heard,
It echoed amidst the profound;
He turn'd fearfully round, but no figure appear'd;
He listen'd awhile; not a murmur was heard,
When again bursts in thunder the sound.

"If, child of the earth! thou indeed art thus bent,
And to dæmons thy soul wilt resign,
Hie thee hence! thou may'st slumber in peace and content,
No pow'r on the earth shall thy wishes prevent,
Angelina the fair shall be thine.

"On the day when vain Albert expects to be blest,
Thou, Edric, the maiden shalt wed."
In terms of such horrible import addrest,
Rage, horror, and passion, at once storm'd his breast,
And awhile he lay speechless with dread.

At length rous'd anew, "Thou hast promis'd," he cried,
"Angelina, the fair, shall be mine:
Dread spirit! I yield, give but her as my bride!"
"'Tis agreed," the hoarse voice in deep accents replied,
"'Tis agreed, and the maid shall be thine."

Then sudden arose from the groundat his feet,
A small glimm'ring flame that burnt blue;
A faint light o'er the depths of the cavern it shed,
Around him all seem'd an abode for the dead,
And with horror he shrunk from the view.

'Midst the shades, where the taper its feeble light cast,
Strange phantoms, half viewless, were seen:
For its rays soon were lost in a cavern so vast,
And the flame palely quiver'd beneath the cold blast,
That roar'd mid the hollows within.

Not long he gaz'd round him, when lo! 'mid the shade,
Cloath'd in darkness, an arm met his view;
A scroll of large size in its grasp was convey'd:
And as its contents to his sight were display'd,
Sir Edric the covenant knew.

"To dæmons thy soul, child of earth! thou'lt resign,
And the fair Angelina shalt wed;
Sign the scroll," said the voice? he appear'd to decline,
More awful the voice again thunder'd out "Sign!"
And the cavern shook over his head.

The arm, still enlarging, then mov'd where he lay,
And his fingers did forcibly clasp:
Though the gripe was tremendous, 'twas chilly as clay,
And his strength it was palsied, and wither'd away,
Beneath the vast spectre's cold grasp.

Then a weapon, unseen, in his arm made a wound,
The blood follow'd in plentiful stream,
And the arm yet more strongly his fingers bent round,
And betwixt them a pencil of iron was bound,
Till in blood he had trac'd out his name.

And straight, through the cave, shrieks of horror were heard,
With discordant effusions of mirth;
And spectres gigantic their stature uprear'd,
And shouted derision; till morning appear'd,
When he sunk in a swoon on the earth.

He rose, and with rapture beheld the day beam,
But awhile he look'd fearfully round;
The past scenes of the night he beheld as a dream,
Nor real did ought of the spectacle seem,
Till he view'd the deep trace of the wound.

"Dread spirit! who hast me environ'd," he cries,
"Next bear the curs'd Albert away;
Nor let the intruder again meet my eyes,
Till the priest has secur'd me my dearly-bought prize;"
A voice echoed loud "I obey."

Seven days had elaps'd, when, in armour array'd,
To sir Rowland's high tow'rs he repair'd;
The knight every duty of courtesy paid,
But cold was the glance of the beautiful maid,
Whilst Edric his passion declar'd.

Yet duly he went the fair maid to adore,
And more freely was welcom'd each day;
For Albert return'd to the castle no more,
And fame had reported, that, faithless, he bore
A peasant's fair daughter away.

Incens'd at the tidings, sir Rowland addrest
His daughter with accent severe;
"Oh yet wilt thou scorn a fond parent's behest,
A traitor's vile image yet hold in thy breast?
And honour his name with a tear?

"If Albert were brave, equal praise is the due
Of his rival, then cease to repine;
Though Albert be faithless, still Edric is true,
His heart is still constant to love and to you,
Oh consent to his wishes and mine!"

"'Tis past, and my sorrows no longer shall flow:
Oh my father, my father, re'ent!
Since still he returns not, my anger, though slow,
At length, in my bosom as fiercely shall glow;
To your wishes I yield my consent."

Now autumn's dun foliage the forest had shed,
And Edric his wishes obtain'd,
His beautiful bride to the altar he led,
The priest "blest the marriage," the banquet was spread,
And laughter and merriment reign'd.

When bursts of deep thunder, with horrible crash,
Loud echoing, roll'd through the hall:
The spears, high suspended, instinctively clash,
The lightnings pale gleam'd, with sulphureous flash,
And the columns seem'd ready to fall.

In each pause of the wind shrieks of horror were heard;
'Mid the battlements roll'd the loud storm:
The lights were extinguish'd: the boldest were scar'd,
When a pale glimm'ring flame on a sudden appear'd,
And to view gave a horrible form.

To Edric then turning, "Rash mortal," he cried,
"Now shrink with affright and dismay!
The compact's perform'd, for behold, at thy side,
Where sits Angelina the fair, as thy bride;
'Tis perform'd, and we bear thee away."

He said, and he vanish'd: when lo! 'mid the shade,
Cloath'd in darkness, an arm met the view;
A scroll of large size in its grasp was convey'd,
And as its contents to the sight were display'd,
Sir Edric the covenant knew.

Then a deepening mist from the pavement arose,
And conceal'd him awhile from the sight;
When sudden the tempest more horrible grows,
With flames all-resplendent the hall sudden glows,
And full radiance illumin'd the night.

Then high, in mid air, was the victim beheld,
By dæmons encompass'd around;
On a rock with a swiftness resistless impell'd,
Each fibre with horrible agony swell'd,
And the blood slowly dropt on the ground.

Each heart keenly throbb'd in the victim's behalf,
Each voice shriek'd aloud in dismay;
But the fiends, still insatiate, his vital blood quaff,
And they echoed each groan, with a horrible laugh,
Whilst his life was fast ebbing away.

Then, with yells so terrific, his mangled remains
Through the air, in proud triumph, they bore;
As if, 'mid the frenzy of exquisite pains,
Hell's fiends wildly writhing were dashing their chains,
And howling amid the deep roar.

Then, suddenly, darkness and silence succeed
To the glare and the tumult of hell,
And when the beholders from terrors were freed,
From the ill-fated castle all journey'd with speed,
Never more in its precincts to dwell.

And Albert the brave to his mistress return'd,
And appeas'd her resentment and pride;
Awhile his returning professions she spurn'd,
But his truth being prov'd, her delusion she mourn'd,
And became, in an instant his bride.

Neglected, to ruin the castle soon fell,
And the peasant pass'd by with affright;
For oft, 'midst its echoes, resounded the yell,
The curses, the shouts, and the tumults of hell,
And disturb'd, with loud uproar, the night.

Through the windows dismantled, with ivy grown o'er,
The storm sweeps, as it howls in the sky,
And the trav'ller still views in the hall, on the floor,
Though broken the pavement the stain of the gore;
And o'er Edric's sad doom heaves a sigh.

O.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following is a lively sarcasm, at the expense of puny pastoral-mongers.

A PASTORAL.

Now, far in the west, Sol declining had fled,
Had put on his night cap, was going to bed.
Miss Luna arose, with her pretty smock face,
Just peep'd through the grove and illumin'd the place.
All pensive and sombre my Laura did rove,
To where a *fond* rivulet purl'd through the grove.
The nymph was array'd in a loose dishabille,
She sigh'd to the notes of the whild whippoorwill,
All nature was silent to hear her complain,
But soon she scud home, *for it look'd like to rain!*

SELECTED POETRY.

[The hero of the following ballad is a very pleasant follower of Epicurus. His doctrine is the "carpe diem" of Horace, and will not be heretical in old age, with a competency.]

CONTENT.

Dear Sam, who the camp and the pulpit hast tried,
You ask me what system of life I would choose?
To manage my own little farm is my pride,
And to lounge where I like, in my dirty old shoes.

At a statesman's cold levee, pray why should I freeze?
Why dance up and down for the smiles of the great?
When, to warm my own hearth, I can trim my own trees,
And pursue my own game on my own small estate.

With writing and thinking, and planning large schemes,
Who forever would keep his poor brain on a stretch?
When, by bidding adieu to all liberty's dreams,
And planting potatoes, he soon would grow rich.

Who would angle for meals, that could catch his own fish?
As the honey unbought, what dessert half so sweet?
Give me eggs of my hens, in a clean wooden dish,
And Ned's wholesome daughter to cook up the treat.

While for health I can plough, and for exercise dig,
May the man who dislikes me my system forbear!
May he veil his gray locks in a president's wig,
An old gouty sheriff, or corpulent mayor.

[In the lyrics of Persia, Sir William Jones has taught us to look for the beautiful forms of gay poetry. The following almost justifies the joys of sparkling *Champagne*, or tawny *Port*.]

YESTERDAY.

Say, ye studious, grave, and old,
Tell me, all ye fair and gay,
Tell me whence I may behold
The fleeting form of YESTERDAY.

Where's autumnal plenty fled?
Winter, where's thy boist'rous sway?
Where's the vernal flower sped?
Summer, where's thy YESTERDAY?

Jocund sprites of social joy,
Round our smiling goblet play;
Fly ye powers of rude annoy,
Like the ghost of YESTERDAY.

Odorous sweets and generous wine
Hither, boy! with speed convey;
Jes'mine wreaths with roses twine,
Ere they fade like YESTERDAY.

Brim the bowl and pass it round,
Lightly tune the sportive lay,
Let the festal hour be crown'd
Ere 'tis lost like YESTERDAY.

—

RONDEAU.

By *two black eyes* my heart was won,
Sure never wretch was more undone!
To Celia with my suit I came;
But she, regardless of her prize,
Thought proper to reward my flame
By *two black eyes*.

—

EXPOSTULATION.

When late I attempted your pity to move,
Why seem'd you so deaf to my prayers?
Perhaps, it was right to *dissemble your love*,
But, why did you *kick me down stairs?*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAMS.

On seeing a very lean Bear.

Bare are thy bones, thy name is bear,
And barely thou can'st bear thy hair.

Z.

—

A poetical essay being written, in praise of a young lady, she, very ungratefully, afterwards, in a large company, declared it "a poor production." The vanity of authorship being thus insulted, the writer immediately discovered his mistake, and wrote the following recantation:

'Tis true, perhaps, my rhymes were "poor,"
And void of sense might seem;
Yet, critic maid, this too is sure,
"Still poorer" was my *theme!*

PUBLISHED BY
THE EDITOR & ASBURY DICKINS,
SOLE PROPRIETORS OF THE WORK,
No. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.
HUGH MAXWELL, PRINTER.

The Post folio